

Lying on the Bed of Your Tongue by crushcandles

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Summary:

"Can you do the whole thing?" Billy asks him. His voice is suddenly urgent, like it's important Steve can, and that he do it right now.

Steve looks at it. It's just a beer, one beer. He's shot-gunned beers before, plenty of times. Billy's probably even already drank some of it. He clears his throat.

"Yeah," he says. "I can."

Lying on the Bed of Your Tongue

Author's Note:

Sometimes when you're writing a longer story and feeling stuck in it, you walk by a bunch of bottles on a shelf in the grocery store at 8am and start thinking about their alternative uses. Title from [Casanova](#) by Allie X ft. VÉRITÉ.

"Dare you," Billy Hargrove says to him from across the circle they're all standing in on the backyard's scrubby grass. He jerks his sharp chin when he says it, so Steve knows exactly who he's talking to. He has a beer in his hand and beer all down his ugly t-shirt, the band name wet and crumbling with age.

Everyone's looking now, a slow wave of turning heads, eyes moving from the new keg stand king to the old one. They'd all been begging for their turn before Billy opened his mouth, but now no one moves, waiting to see what Steve will do.

He makes himself make a face: *oh, please*, although for a second he's unsure if he's begging off or not. But looking at everyone's tipsy, expectant faces makes his pride well up and he steps forward into the circle before he can think better of it.

Steve hasn't done a keg stand since well before Billy came to take his place. Not since he was trying to get with Nancy. She didn't like that kind of thing, thought it was messy and dumb. So he stopped. It was an old trick anyway; he didn't need it for people to like him. He bets it's one of those things though, riding a bicycle or kissing.

Tommy steps up beside Steve. He's ridden this particular bike before too.

"You're outta practice, Harrington," he jibes.

Steve half-tucks his shirt into his pants. "I'll be fine if you don't drop me."

Tommy gives him his *oh, please* sneer. He never has.

Steve puts his hands on the keg, leaning over. Tommy shoves the spout in his mouth. Someone steps up to his other side, putting hands on him to help with the lifting. Steve looks as he starts getting tipped, catching Billy's dark eyes, the wide toothiness of his smile.

"Don't—" he says around the spout, wanting to say *don't drop me* loud enough so everyone hears it. He goes to classes and parties with Billy but he doesn't trust him much, even if nothing's happened for months aside from Billy telling him Romeo and Juliet weren't romantic, they were dumbass kids who fucked shit up for a lot of people. *Get with the program, Harrington. Romance is dead.*

But he doesn't get to say "Don't drop me," before Billy's hand is tight on his calf and his upside-down mouth is filling with beer.

It's not like riding a bike and it's not like kissing. It feels like Steve's drowning. The urge to cough is strong and immediate but he can't do that, he can't. Everyone is watching. So he swallows, tells himself to just keep swallowing, that's the way through.

His blood is heavy in his face, beating in his ears along with the crowd going *Steve! Steve! Steve!* He keeps swallowing, his fingers tight on the cold keg, going numb.

He doesn't remember how to stop. What did he do before? Did he turn his face away, coughing or laughing? Did Tommy just know when to let off?

Steve swallows and opens his eyes. He watches his left hand go loose and start to slip. His mouth fills with beer as the left side of his body drops.

"Whoa!" Tommy says as a shoulder jams under Steve. It goes into his filling belly, which feels awful, but he stops dropping. Tommy twists the valve, saving Steve. He swallows what's in his mouth and takes a huge, wet, rattling breath.

Billy, it must still be Billy, with his shoulder in Steve's stomach, pats Steve's flank like he's a good animal. The crowd cheers while they

put Steve on his feet. He forgot about the dizziness after. He stands as still as he can and raises his fist. They cheer more. Steve's mouth feels too small for his beer-soaked tongue.

Billy grins at him and puts his shoulder into Steve again, the cap of it bumping Steve's bicep.

"Not bad," he says admiringly, dark-eyed, wet-lipped.

*

Having seen the successful return of King Steve, the circle around the keg breaks up. Everyone moves on, back into the house with its heat and its bright lights, much more comfortable than the cold, dark backyard.

Inside, Steve drifts through the party. People stop him a few times to high-five or clap his back, which sends the beer inside him sloshing. He didn't have a lot, not really, but he can feel it heavy inside him. He's not drunk, not yet, but there's that familiar warmth rising under the discomfort.

Someone gives him a can of beer, so he carries it around as a shield against anything harder, which is coming out now that someone jimmied the house's liquor cabinet open.

He's in the kitchen, turning his beer in slow circles, listening to the rise and fall of voices and music, when Billy appears around the side of the fridge. He has a look on his face and a full beer bottle in hand.

"Hey," Steve says.

Billy doesn't say it back, just looks him over in that haughty, searching way he has. Even now, it makes Steve prickle, makes him want to stand up straight. He doesn't. He did the keg stand like Billy wanted. He doesn't owe Billy shit.

Steve puts his beer on the counter, lets his hand hang easy. He tries to look like he doesn't care.

Billy looks over the beer can, Steve's empty hand. He turns his head to look out the kitchen window into the backyard, his face a mystery

to Steve. Then he grabs Steve's loose wrist and pulls him upright, jerking a little, like Steve's late for something.

The beer in Steve rolls in a wave. He can't hold the look on his face. He knows he looks pushed-back and lost instead of indifferent and cool.

"Come on," Billy says. He gets Steve's elbow and then Steve doesn't have much of a choice but to follow.

*

The backyard is empty now, just dead grass and the keg's drag-marks and a few cigarette butts. The heels of Steve's shoes leave drag-marks in the dirt too, around the side of the house. There's no one there either, just a whiff of pot. The only light here comes from a window up above and the streetlight one house over.

Billy doesn't push him against the house or hit him, just drops his elbow. In his other hand, he holds up his beer, his fingers bright against the dark glass, the wrinkled label.

Steve reaches back to Wednesday, in English class, where Billy is his most bored and condescending. He thinks about Billy saying, *They're just fucking books* to Joseph Calen, who doesn't read very well. The high-handed, fuck-off way his face had looked, Steve tries to look like that because he's not sure what's happening here.

"What," he says, hoping he sounds like Billy saying *like reading is hard*.

Billy doesn't look at all intimidated or upset like Joe had. He looks intense and focused, sort of how he did before they had that fight, but Steve doesn't feel afraid like he did then. He came out fine last time and he's braver now.

But no blow comes through the tense air. Billy just thrusts his beer at Steve.

"Chug it," he tells Steve. Orders him, the beer held equal between them.

Steve's belly does a wet flip-flop.

"I—" he says, flat-footed. "Why?" His voice doesn't come out like Billy's at all. He sounds unsure, plaintive.

Billy sounds exactly like Billy when he says, "I want you too," still with that stormy look on his face.

"Are you drunk?" Steve ventures. He can't tell. Billy swaggers everywhere he walks, saying all this weird bullshit; he could be drunk all the time for all Steve knows.

Billy's lip curls. He tips his head, not really a shake.

"Are you?" he asks.

Steve shakes his head. He feels loose, thin at the edges, but he knows where he is, who he's with. He makes a sound, some distant cousin of *no*. His belly flips again and jumps with him when Billy puts a hand on his shoulder. Billy squeezes his shoulder once, and pushes at him. Steve moves without thinking about it, surprised or something, letting Billy put him down.

It's March, not quite spring yet. The ground is cold and hard under Steve's knees, wetness already blooming in his jeans. A shiver runs through him, but he stays where Billy put him.

"Can you do the whole thing?" Billy asks him. His voice is suddenly urgent, like it's important Steve can, and that he do it right now.

Steve looks at it. It's just a beer, one beer. He's shot-gunned beers before, plenty of times. Billy's probably even already drank some of it. He clears his throat.

"Yeah," he says. "I can."

Billy's hand lands on his face fast like a slap, but there's not much force. It startles Steve anyway. His hand is moist from sweat or beer, warm underneath. Steve's blush rises to meet it, but he's not embarrassed.

Billy looks down at him. They're too close, so he can't see all of Billy.

From here it's just his broad chest, the points of his shoulders, and his face.

"Dare you," he says, already lifting the beer, his thumb digging into Steve's cheek.

It's not like being tipped into a keg stand. Steve could easily get up, say *no* or *don't*, probably wouldn't need more than that to stop whatever this is. Billy's not holding him this time, and it doesn't feel like he's moving very fast. He's breathing unevenly, his mouth sending out spirits above Steve's head.

Steve's not breathing right either. His heart is pumping fast and he can see his own breath rolling out over Billy's belt buckle. The bottle's above his face now. Billy's thumbnail catches on Steve's top lip, pulling it up into sneer.

Steve opens his dry mouth, letting the cold air in. It feels like it takes forever for the first splash of beer to hit his tongue. It's not as cold as the air or the ground, but it's colder than his tongue. He swallows automatically, shivering.

Billy makes a sound in the back of his throat, like he's surprised. He tips the bottle back upright. His hand is still on Steve's face, stiff, trembling from the wrist. There's trouble on his face, doubt. Steve can see him wavering on the edge of a choice.

Steve keeps his mouth open, his eyes on Billy's face. He doesn't move, hardly takes a breath, waiting. He thinks: *dare you*.

Billy tips the beer again. Steve gets more than a splash this time. His mouth fills fast, his tongue swept under, foam climbing his teeth. Some spills out the side of his mouth before he can swallow again. It drips down over Billy's thumb.

Steve swallows, choky, but Billy doesn't stop a second time. He keeps pouring, his eyes hardly visible in the low light, his teeth white on his lip.

There's a hot swelling in Steve's chest. He needs to breathe, but the beer is still coming. It's just a beer, he tells himself, feeling hysterical.

There's not that much in the bottle. He's already swallowed twice.

Billy's tipping the bottle a little higher, but not enough that it's empty yet.

"Holy shit," he whispers when Steve swallows again, his cheek moving under Billy's hand. He takes his hand off Steve's face, puts it on his own zipper, adjusting. Steve watches it happen. His chest is on fire, but the fire's spreading down into his belly now, stoked by the sight of Billy's hand moving. His own hands are on his thighs, playing dead in the cold air. Between them, his cock stirs in his jeans, getting warm too.

The bottle's almost vertical now above Steve's face. He opens his mouth wide. If he swallows again maybe that will be the end of it. Liquid beer fills his mouth halfway, foamy dregs topping it off. The beer finally lifts away, white foam dripping down Steve's chin.

It's bitter when he swallows, but the breath he gets after is sweet, night air sliding down his throat, putting out the fire in his lungs. The heat in his belly stays.

Billy's clutching the empty bottle in one fist, the bulge of his dick in his other.

"Show me," he says.

Steve doesn't know what he means, if he can see Steve's crotch in the dark. Steve fumbles with his zipper, afraid to ask, afraid Billy will say no. His dick is hard in his jeans, as hard as Billy's looks.

Billy doesn't say no. He looks at Steve's hands, then grabs Steve's chin.

"Open your mouth," he tells Steve.

Steve's hands are too cold to open his fly, but he can open his mouth. Billy tilts his chin to get a look. Steve sticks out his tongue to show he swallowed it all.

"Fuck," Billy says thickly, squeezing himself. He lifts the bottle again.

The glass is cold on Steve's tongue, worse than the beer. He draws his tongue back in his mouth, but the bottle follows it, bumping into his closed lips. The mouth of the bottle's compressing his skin against his teeth.

He looks up. Billy looks down at him. *His* mouth is open, slack, how men in the few pornos Steve's seen look before they get their dicks sucked. Steve swallows - *gulps* - and opens his mouth. He licks the rim of the bottle. He's sick of the beer taste, has had more than his fill, but luckily it's faint. Steve already drank it all.

"Shit, fuck," Billy says, his voice as faint as the beer taste. He tilts the bottle, slips the tip into Steve's mouth, over Steve's tongue.

It feels like a bottle in his mouth. Steve's mind is swirling, but he knows it's just a bottle in his mouth. But his stomach is boiling and his dick is hard, so it feels like he's the person on their knees in those videos he's seen, slack-jawed for a different reason. He doesn't know what to do, so he just keeps his tongue flat and his mouth open, hoping Billy understands.

Billy slides the bottle a little further. He's fixated on Steve's face, his mouth still open, his tongue flexing between his teeth. His hand is back on his dick, restlessly kneading.

Steve touches himself too, fingering the chilly line of his zipper. He can't focus enough to make his hands undo the button. The only thing he can control is his mouth and it's so much work to keep his jaws apart, not to bite. So he just runs his fingers over himself. His hips jerk up, hungry for what he's not giving.

Billy pulls the bottle out, the inch or so that was in Steve's mouth. Steve closes his eyes, unsure what will happen now, if the spell breaks.

Before he can move or open his eyes, the bottle slides back in, deeper, almost to the body. Not expecting it, Steve gags. The sound is ugly, trapped in the bottle. His eyes go hot. He squeezes them tighter shut. Shame washes over him like a tide, hot and clinging. He doesn't know what will happen if he throws up, what Billy will do then. No one's ever hit him with a bottle before. In the movies, the bottle

always breaks, but the glass feels so thick in his mouth.

For a moment that lasts forever, it feels like it could happen. Steve's mouth waters, wet around the bottle. He's afraid to swallow, clenching his fists on his thighs instead.

Billy doesn't take the bottle out. He holds it deep in Steve's mouth, even though he must have heard the sound. He holds it still though, at a precise angle. Steve listens to the soft scrabble of his fingers on his jeans.

Finally, he has to swallow. He does it, and the hot, trembly feeling goes with his spit. His nose is running a little and there are tears lurking in his eyelashes but he's okay.

"Can you—" Billy groans, rocking on his heels into his palm. "Suck it."

Steve's never. He's had lollipops before, and has joked around with a popsicle, but he's never done it outside of a couple of sticky-sheet dreams. And the bottle is so hard. It doesn't feel like his dick when he jerks it, no soft skin give.

He's clumsy when he makes a sloppy seal around the bottle's neck, trying his best. He can hear that sound too, the slurp echoing in the glass. The hot shame is back, boiling the beer in his belly.

"Keep," Billy grunts above him, "keep going."

Steve can't look up now, not if he's going to keep his mouth on the bottle. He sucks again, slick lips creeping down the neck of the bottle, eyes on Billy's white knuckles on his black jeans. Billy's rough with himself, the way Steve is when he's really turned on. How he'd be now if he could get his hands to work well enough to help himself.

Keeping his mouth in one place is impossible, so Steve tries bobbing his head the way girls have for him. Up and down, just a little. He doesn't want to gag again.

"Shit," Billy murmurs, sounding feverish, "shit." His hand cups Steve's cheek again, his hot palm on Steve's cheek. He pulls the bottle back a little and slides it back in as Steve sucks, digging the lip into the meat of Steve's cheek so he can feel it. Steve's done that, felt the

head of his dick through someone's cheek. He whimpers at the memory, at the feeling, the slick scrape.

He paws at his zipper again, but his fingers are even stupider with the cold now, made worse but how turned on he is. He tugs at his waistband, pulling his shirt out of its messy tuck, but he can't get his hand in there.

The bottle goes deep again and he forgets to try, the world narrowing down to his mouth, the unyielding shape of the bottle, Billy's hand on his cheek. He flails for something, ends up with his hands on Billy's hips, cold fingers clawing at Billy's pockets, a few sliding home.

Billy fucks his mouth with the bottle. It's not right – you're not supposed to do that to people outside of videos. Steve's apologized every time he's done it. Billy doesn't apologize though. But it's not his dick, not even really his beer he's sliding in and out of Steve's mouth. He can't feel the catch of Steve's teeth on the glass, probably can't hear that sound either, over his loud breathing. It's just a beer bottle, something he found to put in Steve's mouth.

Steve sucks it harder, the way you're supposed to do to a dick.

"God," Billy says. He sounds like he's gonna come, how Steve imagines he would. He presses the bottle so deep Steve is afraid he can't breathe. Steve's whole body jolts, but he's pinned at the mouth and not letting go of Billy's hips.

He makes an urgent sound, his tongue thumping against the underside of the bottleneck. He doesn't want to stop but he's never – he doesn't know how something like this ends. He presses his thumb into Billy's hip desperately, begging for an answer.

The bottle comes out of his mouth at a strange angle, pulling painfully at the corner of his lip. It's so wet it drips, steaming in the dark. Steve barely sees it before Billy throws it. He hears the thunk-shatter of it hitting the fence, the house, something that's not Steve.

It's gone but both of Billy's hands catch his hair before he can even close his mouth, pulling him in. The front of Billy's jeans are cold, like Steve's jeans, like his knees and his hands, but he can feel the

heat of Billy through them, his hard cock. Billy's hips push against his face, the curve of him scraping over Steve's cheekbone.

"Fuck," Billy moans, frustrated, "just—" like Steve could do anything other than be right here, under Billy's hands, his face on Billy's crotch. One of Billy's hands takes the back of Steve's neck, holding him still.

Steve's cold, but when he breathes it comes out hot. Billy moans at the feeling, humping him, denim sawing over Steve's drying lips. Steve feels Billy's thighs tensing against his fingers, the tight squeeze of Billy's hand on his neck. He closes his eyes as Billy comes in his pants, his cock going hot against Steve's face.

"Fuck," Billy says again, moaning a little. He keeps rubbing against Steve, but each time it's less demanding until he finally stops. His hand in Steve's hair and on his neck stay firm though. Steve doesn't mind. He lets Billy hold the weight of his head. His cock is so hard and he's so turned on he feels numb, like he's somewhere else from it. But Billy's hands on his head let him know he's still right here.

Steve holds onto Billy too, fingers in Billy's pockets, pressing his tingling face close to Billy's warmth, listening to both of them panting. He swallows a last time against Billy's jeans, his empty mouth with no shape now.

Author's Note:

My haunt on tumblr is [crushcandles](#).